

ant lives intruded upon by the two new arrivals.

Archie Ferguson showed up in Wadham in his best possible trim. He wore a sporty costume and tight clothing purposely. This enabled a full showing of his great shoulders, his noble chest, his bulging arm muscles!

The habitués of the hotel where he and Travers stopped were duly dazzled by his overpowering appearance. Archie thought it clever to scare underlings. He knocked down a waiter who spilled some water on him. He chased down and castigated a poor peddler who fell against him on a slippery sidewalk.

In fact Archie enjoyed building up a dubious reputation as a modern Hercules, and boastfully indicating to Travers "that he was anxious to meet a foeman worthy of his steel."

Travers introduced him to his cousin, then to Miss Swift, and this brought him in contact with Dick. They met together each day. Ada treated Travers as a friend and was courteous to Archie. Young Jones was every inch a gentleman, but he did not warm up to either Travers or his friend.

There were strained relations under the surface and Dick began to understand them. Once when Archie was somewhat heated with wine he was openly insulting to Dick, but the latter refused to be provoked, realizing his condition.

"I don't seem able to work that fellow Jones up to any sense of manly spirit," observed Archie one day to Travers. "I don't like that steady look in his eyes and he don't look like a coward, but why don't he come to the test?"

"Afraid of getting mussed up, I suppose," replied Travers. "He's got nerve, though, for he won't flinch from his position. He's after Ada and he's no mean rival."

It was the second afternoon after that when Travers came to the hotel with a gloomy, vicious-looking face.

"Say, Archie," he spoke wrathfully, "I can't stand this much longer!"

"Stand what?" inquired Archie.

"Jones. He's with Ada most of the time. She treats me friendly enough, but seems to avoid being with me alone. I'm afraid that fellow will get ahead of me, pop the question, and then my cake will be all dough."

"You want me to act, I suppose?" intimated Archie.

"I want that fellow driven out of the field."

"Or laid up for a spell, so you can have your chance of courting that pretty girl?" leered Archie. "All right, leave it to me."

Just the right opportunity he desired arrived for Archie. It was two mornings later. He and Travers were walking along the street when Archie descried Beauty, a pet dog belonging to Ada, coming down the street in advance of Dick, who held the little animal as a great favorite.

"It's my chance," whispered Archie to Travers, and as Beauty neared him he pretended to trip over the dog. He raised his foot and gave Beauty a kick that sent it to the curb. Then the poor little animal limped away in pitiable pain.

"You brutal coward!" burst forth Dick, his blood on fire at the act.

"What's that?" demanded Archie, advancing upon him with scowling brows and set teeth.

Now Archie had never engaged in a real fist battle outside of the gymnasium. He had, however, got to think himself an expert prize fighter. He envied Dick because he was a gentleman; he was glad of the present circumstance because Miss Swift had always treated him distantly, in her clear, womanly way tracing the coarseness and artificiality beneath the surface.

Dick stood his ground. Archie swung toward him as if afraid his prey would escape him. He swooped, as it might be, confident in the superiority of weight to science. A little later he learned the quiet, unpre-